



SKIRTS NOW FLARE WELL AROUND THE FEET AND ARE BUILT ON LONG, PLAIN LINES. THE UNIVERSALLY BECOMING BOLERO IS ELABORATELY TRIMMED AND THE SUMMER HAT GROWS IN SIZE AS THE SEASON ADVANCES.

be white. If pink is the song, white is the keynote—black the minor chord to give expression. White must be present; not in little, but en masse. An entire white blouse and tunic over a slip of daffodil silk; a white dotted blouse over a body of turquoise; white, white everywhere; that is the pretty note in the summer's dress.

Thousands of Parisians who have never visited the Eiffel Tower until this season are taking it in now, and some of the handiwork of the year can be sketched there any fine day. It is the dress resort of fashionable women, and never a summer watering place that boasted prettier or more elaborate gowns.

An Eiffel Tower dress was of silk gauze in a sapphire hue. The short tunic had a pointed front, trimmed around the lower edge with a broad band of Chantilly lace, while panels of the same lace extended from the belt downward. Nothing could have been plainer than this tunic, for there was not a particle of fullness in it, not as much as a looping.

The skirt was composed entirely of panels of the lace joined by the narrowest bands of sapphire ribbon. A broad band of this lace extended around the skirt, below which were two very full ruffles of sapphire gauze, each edged with its narrow ruffling of gauze.

The bodice was made of the sapphire gauze, built over a foundation of white tulle. A bolero front was composed of lace, joined with ribbons and trimmed with bands of fine Chantilly. Across the front there were bands of white satin ribbon crossed to form a very pretty trimming. The belt matched the ribbons on the breast.

Such a gown is undeniably expensive and none but the woman of expensive purse can attempt it, though some very pretty things are possible with substitutes.

PRETTY CHEAP LACES. In place of the silk gauze there may be used tulle or chiffon and even mail, or coarse canvas, while a cheaper lace can always be used in place of the rare lace. They make so many inexpensive laces this year that one is never at a loss to find one that is not dear.

In place of the silk lining, they are using linings of lawn, but these are not cheap, as two and three thicknesses are required. Under a skirt of gauze there must be one of chiffon falling over one of lawn, and if the effect is not sufficiently soft, there is another of mail or tulle. Skirt and shirt fall in long, soft curves nearly to the ground when all must cascade around the feet.

The tendency in skirts is toward the long lines and, in many of the very newest gowns, there is no curve at the skirt like in front; the back, however, is beautifully curved. This gives the classic outline, though it certainly adds two inches to the waist line if not more. An attempt at a narrow belt is carried around the waist, very low in front, to describe a deep curve, but there is no belted waist any more. All waists are large, and the little slender one is hard to find.

In the street dress you see many novelties, one being the skirt that is snug at the hips, but full around the foot. This is managed in many ways, one of them being the little box plait which is set in the skirt at intervals of eighteen inches all the way around. This tiny box is set underneath in such a way that the skirt flares, like a fan when the wearer moves.

Such exquisite gowns are being made for London. In anticipation of the victorious return home of the troops English women are ordering Paris gowns as freely as they pick roses in June. One of these, designed for Miss Muriel Wilson, the belle of all the pretty Wilson girls, is of that ever useful material, foulard, with white printed designs over its surface. A little bolero of emerald tulle is bordered with the finest ruffling of gray chiffon, while stock and girdle are of gray velvet.

These three colors, platinum gray, emerald green and standard blue, form the color scheme of the gown and are repeated again and again. The foulard tunic falls over a skirt of emerald tulle, around the foot of which there are deep chiffon ruffles that cascade and fall upon the ground in a foam of the gossamer.

An exquisite combination is formed by these three shades, but let the woman who is not sure of her artistic instincts beware, for it takes an artist to select the exact hues. In many of the finest shops the salesmen will advise the wearer of the colors so as to be sure of the proper selection.

It is not an uncommon sight along the Rue de la Paix to find a group of shoppers, comfortably seated in one of the day saloons, waiting for a fashionable woman to come in. The woman, dressed in a gown of the colors suit, piece after piece of silk is drawn over the body of the dummy woman and being in lengths for the skirt; over this is thrown mousseline de soie, or gauze, or other diaphanous substance, and finally, over everything comes the trimming, which is caught here and there to give the effect.

The rage for gold continues. Galloons, passementerie and small buttons are used everywhere and so are the gold laces and the very fine trimmings in gold, studded with semi-precious gems.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, in a gown that resembled cloth of gold, attended a diplomatic reception a few days ago; and Mrs. William Astor, that venerable matron who holds her own as a society leader, wore a dress of black gauze spangled with gold over a gown of white satin.

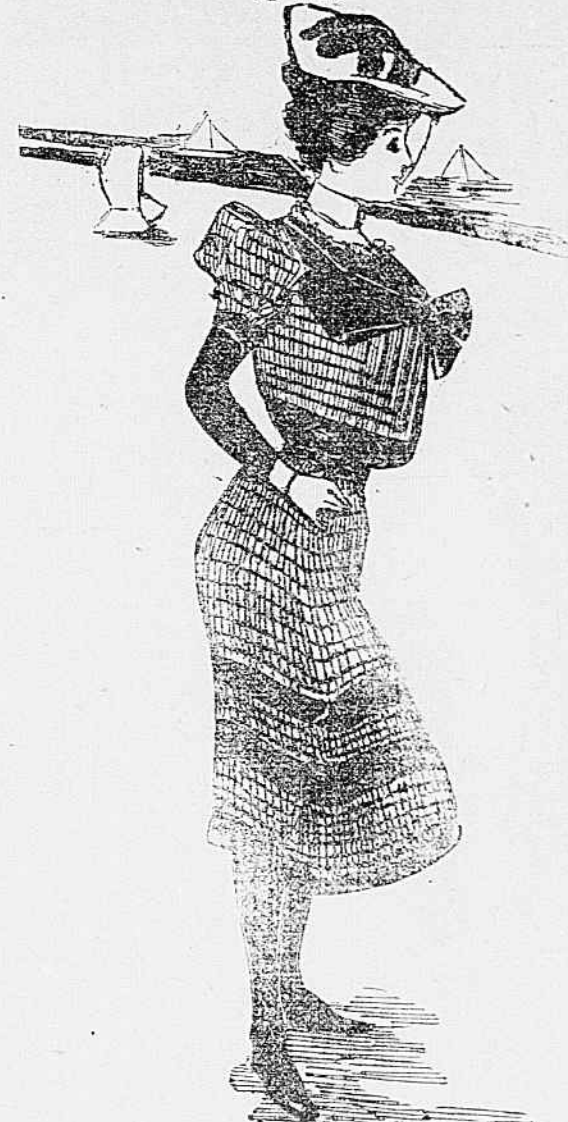
If these facts stand forth in dazzling array there are others more comforting. For instance, the stamped muslins were never so pretty and are sold for a song; so are silky linings, the glossy plain cambrics taking the place of the more expensive satins, taffetas and brocades. The thrifty French women do not spend as much upon their gowns as Americans, though they have, perhaps, a greater number, but you will find them wearing the substitutes and searching for the quality called chic, instead of the expensive patterns.

Each week sees a new color on the horizon. Last week it might have been pink; this week there were hundreds of gowns that wavered between a lovely sea blue and a sea green; the faded tones are combined and soft are the results.

#### The Story of a June Bride's Gown.

An interesting story of a gown worn by a June bride is told by the Boston Transcript. The story is particularly interesting to the women who like to read old novels of the days when the heroine always wore in some period of the story a beautiful but simple India muslin, which cost, notwithstanding its simplicity, a fabulous sum. The muslin was preferably and usually brought across the water by some fond relative of the bride. The dress of this story is undoubtedly one of those identical gowns. This bride wished something new, or rather something different, for her wedding gown, and decided to be married in a beautiful old India muslin brought from India by a relative. But this gown,

DESIGN FOR A BATHING DRESS TO BE WORN WITH BLOUSE WAIST, HIGH-NECKED.



BROWN PLAID BATHING SUIT TRIMMED WITH BANDS OF GREEN; COAT AND HAT TO MATCH.

not having been bought for the young woman who is to wear it, there was not material enough, it was found in making, for sleeves. The material of a bridal gown cannot be scant; it must be high in the neck and long in the sleeves, and the bride-to-be was in a quandary. There was not, of course, in the Boston of to-day, a piece of material which would come within a great deal of matching the story-book gown. But at this stage of the affair the gown was taken to the cleaners, and incidentally the story was told, and brought out a cap story of a charming Boston belle of forty years ago, who had just such another gown brought over from India for her wedding, which, however, did not take place. There must have been a deep romance in that story, though it does not appear, for the bride, who was

apartments we may leave to conjecture, but the fact of the engagement was soon made known by the Queen to her council.

The Prince of Wales had met his future wife at a continental town, and he had set eyes on her while visiting a cathedral some time before he went to Denmark to visit her parents and make his proposal. His was a case of love at first sight. He was so struck with the beauty and grace of the princely maiden whom he met in the cathedral that he made many inquiries about her, and sought an introduction. Then the later steps came in due course. It was at the castle of the Danish royal family at Rosenborg that the Prince of Wales had his private interview with the "daughter of the sea kings" and proposed to find her an English home and happiness for the remainder of her life. And here she accepted him. This was in a private room which is one of the suites of rooms in the Rosenborg castle where the proposal was made. Either here or in an adjoining room his Royal Highness went through the same trembling minutes that all "proposers" know so well and remember so vividly, often to their future discomfort. There never seems to have been any doubt of the answer to be given by Princess Alexandra, however, for she was as much in love with the fine-looking heir to the British throne as he was with her. And so, after this auspicious day, "all went merry as a marriage bell," and England welcomed the Danish conqueror once more to her domains with a welcome more different to that of Canute in 1040.

When, in 1874, the Duke of Edinburgh took to England his Russian bride it was considered a good omen by the many Britons who still recollect the terrible days of the Crimean war. And the omen has so far, indeed, been good; there has been peace with that great nation for the past quarter of a century. No more splendid surroundings could possibly be imagined for "proposers" than the princely and salons of the grand palace at St. Petersburg, where the imperial family resides. And here it was that the Russian Princess first received the proposal of the English Prince for her hand and heart. She accepted the "suitor prince," whether with or without hesitation we are not told. But probably, like even more lowly maidens, the daughter of a Czar would like being asked more than once, and would not be averse to a little pleading upon the part of her royal lover. And we know that the Romanoff princesses are not lightly won!

It was in 1857 that two lovers might have been seen on a Scotch moor in the



A SUMMER WRAP OF CHIFFON, RIBBON AND LACE.

not gave the gown she had expected to be married in to her maid. The maid was the godmother of the employe in the cleaning establishment, to whom the first story was told, and the sequel is readily to be seen. By the use of a little tact the bride of the day obtained enough of the gown of the was-to-have-been-bride of 1859 and her gown was complete and a little additional romance thrown in. The materials of the two gowns were not exactly alike, but sufficiently so to be put together.

#### SOME ROYAL PROPOSALS.

Scenes and Incidents of Topping the Question in the Highest of High Life.

The prince, like the peasant, has to take advantage of the most favorable opportunity that presents itself for telling the princess how much he loves her, and he finds a lonely moor or a quiet sequestered dell in a wide park as useful an adjunct to the process as does any factory girl off with "James William" for the afternoon.

How did the Prince Consort of England manage with the Queen? The story has often been told, and it is probably correct in its outline, that it was not in this case who had to manage, but she. For it appears to be court etiquette for the Queen to do the proposing in such a case. It is said that while at a dance with the Prince at Windsor Castle in 1840 her Majesty took from her dress a spray of white lilac and gave it to him. He had no button-hole in his uniform as a soldier, but, taking out his pen-knife, he made a slit in his coat and placed the spray tenderly in it. What happened next during the quiet talk in one of the adjoining

district of Balmoral. They had gone out for the day with a party of friends, and, like many other lovers from time immemorial, they had managed very beautifully to lose the party and lose themselves and their nearest way. Nevertheless, they walked away along back toward Balmoral, over the springy turf, evidently anything but cast down at the loss. Suddenly the gentleman spied a piece of white heather growing close by. He gathered it and presented it to the girl beside him. For she was a true girl, barely eighteen at the time! But she knew the meaning of such a gift from such a person, and she clearly whispered, "Yes," loud enough for the happy lover to hear. For when they reached home there had to be a telling to "papa" and "mamma" of something that had happened. And the next news heard was that the Crown Prince of Germany was betrothed to the English Princess royal.

White Lodge, Richmond Park, was the place where the Duke of York did his "courtship" of the Princess May, and it is generally stated that it was in the small but well-kept gardens 'round the pretty mansion that he "went through the ceremony" which, as the old man said long ago, comes to all of us who want to be married, sooner or later. Prince George meant business from the first, as every sailor does in all that he undertakes. The Prince went to stay for a few weeks with his sister, the Duchess of Fife, at Sheen House, not far from the park gates, and he could be seen each day strolling jauntily up the pretty road, Sheen Lane, that led from that residence to White Lodge. Sometimes he was not alone, for the lady of his choice accompanied him in his moonlight walks. But those journeys, whose object even the dullest observer seemed to guess beforehand, ended just as expected, and England learned of the true intent of her future Queen, and saw with pleasure that it was to be an English maiden who was to be raised to that honor.

The Queen herself has, in her book, "Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the 'Highland'", told the story of the engagement of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne, now Duke of Argyll. She says under date of October 3, 1870:

"This was an eventful day. Our daughter Louise was engaged to Lord Lorne. The event took place during a walk from the Glassalt Shiel to Loch Dhu. She had gone there with Janie Ely, the Lord Chamberlain, and Lorne. I had driven to Panmure, Wells, on the south side of the Dee, with Beatrice and Mrs. Ponsonby. 'We got home by 7. Louise, who returned some time later, told me that Lorne had spoken of his devotion to her and proposed to her and that she had accepted him, knowing that I should approve. 'Thank you, I was not unprepared for this result, I felt painfully the thought of losing her. But I gave my consent, and could only pray that she would be happy.'"

The Czar proposed to the Princess Alix of Hesse during a family party at Copenhagen in 1894. He had made up his mind long before that if he married he would marry whom he pleased, rather than one commended to him by his counselors for State reasons. And his choice had fallen upon the Queen's granddaughter from Hesse. Accordingly, the party at the Rosenborg Palace, the scene of that former proposal in 1859, had been arranged on purpose to allow Nicholas to meet his lady love under the happiest auspices. Some say that the Czar proposed during an evening party, others that he did so in the gardens around the palace during a walk with the Princess. Probably the latter story is the more nearly correct. In any case, the scene of the betrothal of the Prince of Wales so many years previously to the Princess Alexandra must have been almost coincident with the scene of the engagement of the Czar and the present Czarina.—New York Sun.

#### Chase City Sanitarium.

CHASE CITY, VA., June 26.—Special.—It is now assured that a sanitarium, extensive and modern, will soon be erected here. A call was made this week for 25 per cent. of stock. Others will be made as the enterprise progresses. Some prefer to pay all cash. The full amount of \$10,000 in bonds and subscriptions have been secured from well-known capitalists from New York to Durham, N. C.

It is an incorporated company, and the present officers are: President, Thomas E. Jeffries, of Richmond; Vice-President, George E. Eddy, Chase City, Va.; Secretary, W. D. Paxton; Treasurer, George A. Eddy, Chase City, Va.

A reorganization will take place in July, when all the new stockholders will participate in electing officers and Board of Directors, and plans adopted for improvements.

#### Enlightened.

Professor: I'm grateful for my sense of humor; thank heaven, I can always see a joke.

Miss Flavilla:—Oh, professor, the sense of humor is not ability to see a joke; the sense of humor is ability to take a joke.—Indianapolis Journal.

## FLAMING RED FOR MIDSUMMER USE

The Trick of Combining Colors Should be Left to an Artist.

## GILT AND GOLD COMING IN.

Gorgeous Gowns Worn by Mrs. Potter Palmer and Others in the Gala Days of Paris—Long Lines Tendency of Skirts.

PARIS, June 26.—The city is recklessly gay! The subdued hues of spring are now outshone by the brilliant ones of summer, and where brown and pale green once hung over the heads of the gay crowds in the Bois de Boulogne, there is a background of the most gorgeous green, intensified by the rich bronze of the tree trunks.

In the Bois, upon the Boulevards, at the Exposition, everywhere, there are gay crowds, brilliant in coloring and shimmering in the soft glossy silks and cambrics of the season.

The question now of color is a vital one. Few women choose colors well; only half of the women choose them even acceptably.

One of the American girl exhibitors at the Salon this spring makes a pretty penny every season selecting colors for fashionable women to wear. She looks her woman over, tries the shades, and finally gives her a written list of the colors she may wear. Besides knowing the plain tones that are becoming to her, she is furnished with the color combinations guaranteed to look well with her hair and complexion.

Few women in the actual world of fashion trust themselves to choose their own colors. Better, they say, to employ a professional, who will make no mistakes. Nor is the matter of color a simple one this season, when the modes run to a combination of colors nearly of a shade. The blues and greens are placed side by side and one on top of the other. The browns and the russets, the yellows and the pink

are so arranged that they must combine remarkably well or they will clash. COLOR SHADES.

The trick of finding the color shades is one that belongs to an artist, for it is only the artistic eye that can discern the tones and arrange them so as to show off to the best advantage the woman who is wearing them.

In every woman's face there is a touch of green, so the artists tell us, and if the green which harmonizes with this can be found, it will be immensely becoming. So with blue, for there is a bluish tinge, if not in the eyes, directly under them; and if the proper shade of blue is found the eyes are prettier and deeper.

Yellows are becoming to sallower faces and to pink ones; in fact, becoming to all,

if the correct shades are found, and especially when combined with purple, for the two colors match well together.

When the artist who has selected the colors has finished with her work the wise woman of fashion will take the combination to the modiste and allow her to pick it out with black. Black here or there will accentuate the bright tones and make them brighter, actually bringing them out. For this reason a resette of black silk with a bodice of velvet, choux rosettes of tulle, a stock, even a black silk rose—which you will see upon many of the new summer hats—gives the completing touch to it all. In this respect black is a wonderful thing; it supplies the note which is called chic by the French.

In the summer's color array there must

THE FRENCH CORSET COVER TO BE WORN UNDER THE TRANSPARENT WAIST IS MADE OF LACE AND INDIA LAW.



THIS CAN BE MADE OF WASH SILK, IN PALE COLORS, AND TRIMMED WITH CREAM LACE.